



[private] July 11,
2008



Chaz

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MOOD: 😞 disappointed

MUSIC: Vienna Teng - The Tower

Okay, that was overdoing it. Definitely fun parts, but outnumbered by the ones in which there were too many people too close, too much input. And I wore out fast. Not just physically (though, yeah, *no* endurance; even standing in line was tough), but mentally, too. I was trying so hard to seem almost-back-to-normal and not-a-source-of-worry, and it wore the batteries down like whoa.

So I sucked at PT this morning, because I was exhausted and underslept and hurting. Also angry and depressed because I felt picked on by the mean ol' universe that can't even let a guy go out to a midnight movie without kicking him for it. (I got surly at Mark. Not his fault.)

But damn it, I wanted to do one thing I would have done before--hang with the gang, get a beer, go to a movie, stay up late. Something I didn't use to think twice about. It was stupid, and I shouldn't have tried to do it yet, but I really really wanted to.

When I was in the hospital, I thought, "When I get off the NG tube, things will go back to normal." Then it was, "When I get home, things will go back to normal." Now it's, "When I get off the AZT," "When the cast comes off."

Things are definitely not back to normal. I'm scared they'll never get there. Normal seems like a million miles from here.

Maybe I'm defining "normal" wrong. I keep thinking normal will be when it seems as if it never happened. I need a new normal.

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an

emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet
puppets. Scary.

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